

Now fir whats yours? let me see it,  
VVhats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for inclosing the commons of long Melford.

How now fir knaue?

I Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon mee, I am but a messenger for the whole towne-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petition to Duke Humphrey. Villaines get ye gone, and come not neare the Court, Dare these peasants write against me thus?

exeunt Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this, The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke, That seekes to him more then to King Henry, VVhose eies are alwaies poring on his booke, And ne're regards the honour of his name, But still must be protected like a child, And gouerned by that ambitious Duke, That scarce will moue his cap, nor speake to vs, And his proud wife, high minded Elnor, That ruffles it with such a troope of ladies, As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene. The other day she vaunted to her maides, That the very traine of her worst gowne, Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands, Can any grieve of mind be like to this? I tell thee Poole, when thou didst runne at Tilt, And stolst away our ladies hearts in France, I thought King Henry had beene like to thee, Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suffolk. Madame, content your selfe a little while, As I was cause of your comming to England, So wil I in England work your ful content: And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife, I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,

As

As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
But stay madame, here comes the King.

Enter King Henry, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King, whispering with him: and enter Duke Humphrey, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester.

King. My lords, I care not who be Regent in Fraunce, or Yorke, or Somerset, alls one to me.

Yorke. My lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe, Let Somerset enioy his place, and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinke worthy, let him goe, And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whom soeuer you account worthy, Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Peace Warwicke, giue thy betters leaue to speak.

War. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

Queen. My Lord, in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were regent ouer France.

Humph. Madame, our King is old enough himselfe, To giue his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be bold enough, what needes your grace To be protector ouer him so long?

Humph. Madame, I am but Protector ouer the land, And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolk. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King, As who is King but thee? the common state Doth (as we see,) all wholly go to wracke, And millions of treasure hath beene spent, And as for the Regent ship of France, I say Somerset is more worthy than Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthy, Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

B 3

War.